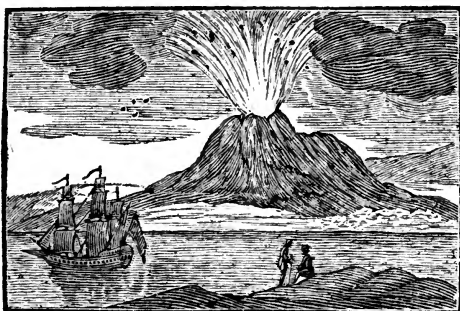


HARRISON'S

AMUSING

PICTURE AND POETRY *BOOK,*

CONTAINING SEVENTY ENGRAVINGS.



DEVIZES:

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Oh! on this green and mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat;
Thus I would my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy.



Farewell! farewell! the trumpet calls,
The banner waves in view;
And I must bid these friendly halls,
One long! one last adieu!



The dappled herd of grazing deer,
That seek the shades by day ;
Now started from their path with fear,
To give the stranger way.



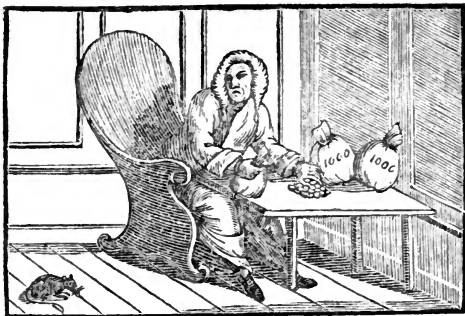
This is the valiant Cornish man,
Who slew the giant Cormoran ;
A horrid savage monster, who,
Before he kill'd, would torture you.



Why should we say 'tis yet too soon,
 To seek for Heaven or think of death ;
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
 And we this day may lose our breath.



Ah ! who is this totters along,
 And leans on the top of his stick ;
 His wrinkles are many and long,
 And his beard is grown silver and thick.



I envy not thy ill-got riches,
Sure oft remorse thy conscience twitches;
I'd rather be yon little mouse,
And seek my bread from house to house.



Come, Goody Dobbs, with me I pray,
'Tis only down a little way;
And I will give you bread and meat,
As much as ever you can eat.



When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.



Charles Polish so attentive grew,
So civil and polite ;
That all admir'd and lov'd him too,
For all he did was right.



Upon a mountain's grassy side,
Where firs and cedars grew ;
Young Sylvia wandered with her flocks,
And many a hardship knew.



Hold Monster, hold ! forbear, forbear !
Thou shalt not take her life ;
To me she is a sister dear,
To this brave man a wife.



I heard a noise of men and boys,
 The watchman's rattle too ;
 And fire they cry ; and then cry'd I,
 Oh dear ! what shall I do.



Unhappy youth ! what hast thou done,
 Why urge thy steed so fast ?
 Alas ! I hear him scream and groan ;
 Ah me ! he breathes his last.



Here Cinderella you may see,
Weeping o'er her destiny;
Her sisters to the Ball are gone,
And she is left to toil alone.



The laughing harvest folks, at John,
Stood quizzing him askew,
'Twas John's red face that set them on,
And then they leer'd at Sue.



Why should a weak and vain desire,
For outward show, and gay attire,
Engage your thoughts, employ your time,
And waste the precious hours of prime?



All praise to him who made the sun,
The World by day to light;
Who gave the gentle moon to cheer,
The still and gloomy night.



Alone beneath the gloom of night,
 Monimia went to mourn;
 She left her parents' fost'ring arms,
 Ah! never to return.



Julia had a little bird,
 With feathers bright and yellow;
 And slender legs: upon my word,
 He was a pretty fellow.



Oh ! stay you cruel gipsey!
 Nor steal this darling boy,
 From his distracted parents,
 He is their only joy.



Oft Ellen would go to a very deep well,
 To look at the water below ;
 How naughty ! to go to a dangerous well,
 When her mother forbade her to go



Oh! pray forbear you cruel man!
To beat poor donkey so;
I'll give you this sweet pretty fan,
If you will let him go.



Poor donkey, I'll give him a handfull of grass
I'm sure he's a good-natured honest old ass;
He trots to the market, to carry the sack,
And lets me ride all the way on his back.



Here's old 'Toby Philpot,
 As hearty a soul,
 As e'er quaff'd a pipe,
 Or partook of a bowl.



The Sportsman here at early morn,
 With dog and gun is seen ;
 The Huntsman sounds his mellow horn ;
 All nature looks serene.



The dying parent, like a wailing breeze,
 Moans in the fev'rish grasp of pale disease ;
 While sad and watching, with a sleepless eye,
 Her lovely daughter sits and muses by.



The forked flash that now descends,
 And thunders too that roll ;
 Alike are guided by God's arm,
 And under his control.



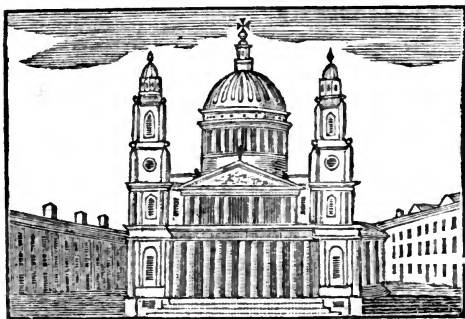
These little girls, though very young,
Will never do what's rude or wrong ;
When spoken to, they always try,
To give the most polite reply.



Of Blue Beard 'tis in stories said,
He married many wives ;
And that when they too curious grew,
He soon cut short their lives.



I think I should like to be happy to-day
If I could but tell the easiest way ;
But then I don't know any pretty new play,
Unless it's a romp with my little dog Tray.



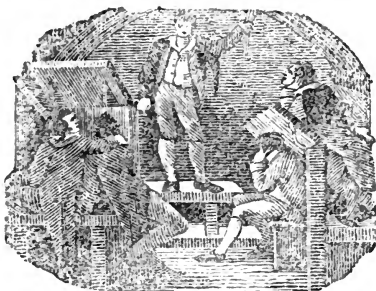
At length before his wide stretch'd eyes,
St. Paul's proud dome arose ;
That is, said Ralph in great surprize
The KING I do suppose !!



A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct,
 The language plain, and incidents well link'd;
 Tell not as new, what every body knows,
 And new or old, still hasten to a close.



And so you do not like to spell,
 Ellen my dear; oh very well,
 'Tis dull and troublesome you say,
 And you would rather be at play.



An Annual custom here was held,
For all the Corporation,
To hear the boy that most excell'd,
Deliver an oration.



Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be feared,
As to be wantonly incurr'd?



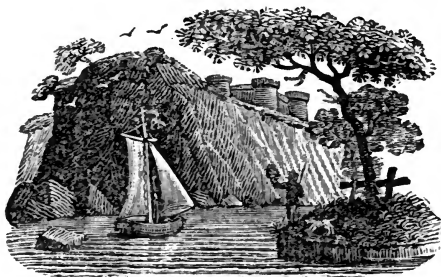
My numbers this day she had sung,
And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue,
Could infuse into numbers of mine.



Here we see a common game,
Of which most boys are fond;
Some hit the ring with nicest aim,
While others go beyond.



Little sister come away,
And in the garden let us play;
But do not pluck the pretty flowers,
Because you know they are not ours.



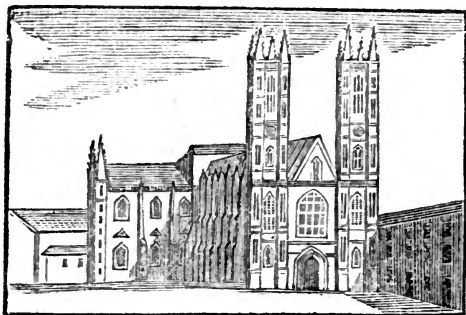
A boat, which oft had stem'd the tide,
Was by the shore close moored;
In which Maria fain would ride,
And therefore went on board



Good God ! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace ;
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain ?



Go ; thou art all unfit to share,
The pleasures of this place ;
With such as its old Tenants are,
Creatures of gentle race.



In Westminster Abbey lie in grand state,
The bones of Kings and Noblemen great,
Whose figures in wax and marble are shown,
With Generals and Admirals carv'd in stone.



Her heart beat strong: she gave a bound,
Down came the milk-pail on the ground,
Eggs, fowls, pig, hog, (ah! well-a-day,)
Cow, calf, and farm, all swam away.



Why is this silly girl so vain?
Looking in the glass again;
For the meekest flower of Spring,
Is a gayer little thing.



I little thought that thus forlorn,
In deserts I should bide;
And have not where to lay my head,
Amid the World so wide.



Dear lady, she cries, and tears trickle down,
 Relieve a poor beggar, I pray;
 I've wander'd all hungry about the wide town,
 And have not eat a morsel to-day.



Ah! there it falls, and now 'tis dead,
 Poor harmless little thing;
 The shot went through its pretty head,
 And broke its little wing.



He looks of a strong hardy race,
 And his bonnet and jacket of plaid;
 With shrewdness and sense in his face,
 Proclaim him a true scottish lad



Oh! say what stranger cause yet unexplor'd,
 Could make a gentle belle reject a lord;
 In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage.



I've fought at Egypt, Italy,
 Marengo, Waterloo ;
 And now I'm helpless, left to die,
 In misery, want, and woe.



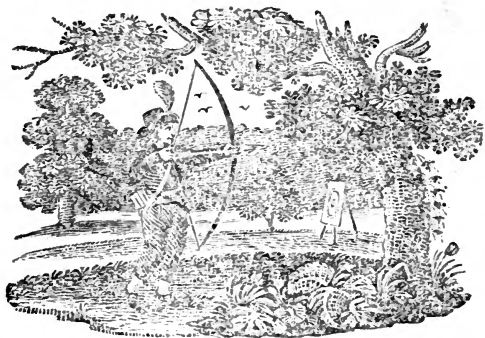
Mamma shall we visit Miss Ellen to-day,
 And sweet little Julia and Ann ;
 The morning's so fine, the sun is so bright,
 Do go dear mamma if you can.



Old Susan in her cottage small,
Tho' low the roof and mud the wall,
Enjoys within her peaceful shed,
Her wholesome crust of barley-bread.



Great God ! with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shines brightest in thy Book.



These harmless sports we like to see,
No mischief here appears ;
Young Alfred shews activity,
Well suited to his years.



Run William to the baker's man,
And quick to him apply :
I know he'll give you, if he can,
A smoking hot mince-pie.



Ah! poor little Red Riding Hood,
You never once dreamt,
When you met the Wolf in the wood,
Of his cruel intent.



Oh! ask me not to be your bride,
Oh! do not call me fair;
For I have thrown the wreath aside,
I once was proud to wear.



Away went Gilpin neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt when he set out,
Of running such a rig.



Old Cherry and Blossom are having a fight,
Do let us get out of their way ;
And not stop to witness so shocking a sight,
Oh dear what a terrible fray !



Dancing on the village green,
The pretty English girl is seen ;
Or beside the cottage neat,
Knitting on the garden seat.



Some strength of arm and steady eye,
This ancient game demands ;
To make the arrow distant fly,
Is not for feeble hands.



Whoever played at blind-man's buff,
And was the first to cry 'enough ;'
When nearly caught, who did not quake,
Or laugh to see poor Buff's mistake?



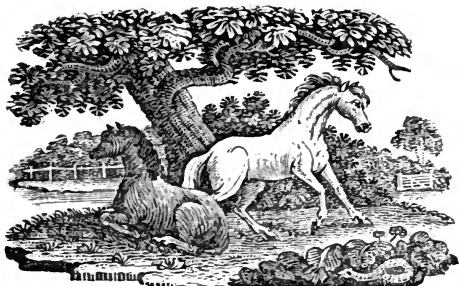
When storms of passion rude arise,
Be Nature's rule before your eyes ;
May friendship henceforth both unite,
May both in future act aright.



With glowing cheeks the skaiter meets,
The keen and frosty air ;
Performs variety of feats,
To shew what skaiters dare.



Have you forgot Kate, prithee say,
How many seasons here we've tarried ;
'Tis FORTY years this very day,
Since you and I, old girl, were married.



Two horses used to bit and bridle,
But always much disposed to idle,
Agreed, as soon as they were able,
To steal unnoticed from the stable.



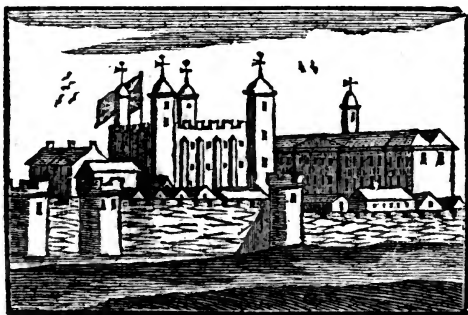
Thank you pretty cow that made,
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm and fresh, and sweet and white.

FINIS.



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